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June 5-1915 · Lincoln, Neb.

THE PAGEANT OF LINCOLN

Presented by

The Lincoln Commercial Club

AND

The Alumni Association

OF THE

University of Nebraska

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

June 4, 5, 1915



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To the untiring efforts of Professor Robert D. Scott, Miss Bessie Park and Miss Charlotte Whedon in conjunction with the generous co-operation of Professor Clare B. Cornell, Mrs. Carrie Raymond and Miss Sarah Hayden is due the success of this, the first Pageant of Lincoln.



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Director of the Pageant



BESSIE F. PARK
Asst. Director of the Pageant

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THE FOUNDING OF LINCOLN

A Dramatic Pageant

BOOK BY
HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER

MUSIC BY
HOWARD I. KIRKPATRICK

THE PAGEANT OF LINCOLN

The Pageant of the Founding of Lincoln is partly symbolical, partly historical. The symbolical scenes are set to music and make free use of allegory; the historical scenes are dramatic in form, and they aim to be vividly reminiscent of the events of early days rather than to reproduce these events with fidelity.

The pageant is designed in six scenes, dividing into three groups of two scenes each. The first and third of these groups are musical and symbolical, the second is dramatic and historical. Intermissions occur after the second and fourth scenes, thus separating the central historical drama from its symbolical setting. Trees and greenery are the only background for the symbolical scenes; for the historical, which are supposed to take place in the village of Lancaster on the site of the central part of Lincoln, a few scenic adjuncts are employed.

The performance opens with an orchestral overture, brilliant in tone and strongly suggestive of the vigor and ambition which prompted the settlement and founding of a commonwealth in what has been called "the Great American Desert." The first scene opens with the appearance of the Spirit of Progress accompanied by Spirits of Adventure, symbolizing the new advance on the westward course of empire and civilization. "Westward Ho!" the song which they sing as they enter, to martial and inspiring music, gives to the scene its title. Following on the entrance of Progress and the Adventures there appear the Prairie Sprites, as it were springing up from the sod. These are a group of dancers who seek, by allurements and charms, to persuade the Adventures to stay their journey and yield to the beauties of the summertime prairies. The Adventures succumb; they decide that Nebraska is to be their home; and in token of their assent they join with the Prairies in the "Hymn to Nebraska," which closes Scene I.

There is no intermission between Scenes I and II. Scene II is entitled "The Salt Gatherers"; and it represents a hunting band of Omaha Indians coming to Salt Creek to

gather salt for preserving meat for the winter. In this scene not only is the most striking natural feature of the site of Lincoln indicated, but the aboriginal predecessors of the white man are represented, for whom the locality was of great importance as a source of salt; and indeed the presence of salt and salt-works in the vicinity, which was in the state's earlier days a matter of exaggerated importance, was one of reasons which led to the choice of the site for the capital city. The scene opens with the entrance of the hunting band singing a marching song, which is written to a very beautiful Omaha Indian melody. Scouts announce the proximity of "Niskithe ke," Salt Creek, a halt is called, and the gathering of the salt is represented in a mimetic dance. Following this an old man prophesies the coming of the white man's city, to be known to the Omahas as "Niskithe"; and the band resumes its journey. The music for this scene is throughout built up on Indian melodies and rhythms, the greater portion of them taken from the Omahas and therefore of Nebraska origin. An intermission marks the close of the first part of the pageant.

Scene III is supposed to take place in front of the house of Captain Wm. T. Donovan, in the village of Lancaster,—the site now occupied by the Nebraska State Journal building,—on June 29, 1867. The first state legislature had just passed a bill authorizing the removal of the capital from Omaha to a site to be selected in the area comprised in Seward, Lancaster and the southern half of Butler and Saunders counties. Governor David Butler, Secretary of State Thos. P. Kennard, and State Auditor John Gillespie were appointed a commission to choose the site. The name of the new city was to be Lincoln, after the martyred president. The commission made a trip through the designated territory, and on June 29 came to the village of Lancaster, and in the house of Captain Donovan voted the present location of the capital. Lancaster had been settled in 1864 by a group of enthusiasts under the leadership of Elder J. M. Young of the Methodist Protestant denomination, who came thither with the quixotic intention of founding a girl's school, a building for which was actually erected by

them, under the name of the Lancaster Female Seminary Association. It was that very spring, 1864, that Elder Young had met the future state auditor, John Gillespie, at Nebraska City, and in response to Gillespie's surprised query as to what he was doing in the Salt Creek wilderness, he replied: "Oh, I am founding a colony out there, and am building a female seminary. We will soon have the county seat, and will have the capital there some day."

Such, in general, is the historical background of Scene III, the central incidents of which are the arrival of the Commissioners, the taking of the vote at the house of Captain Donovan, and the announcement of their decision. But a dramatic interest is given to the event by the sharp rivalries of the time. Other settlements besides Lancaster were strong candidates for the honor. Governor Butler is said to have inclined toward Yankee Hill, which was the choice of the largest South Platte town, Nebraska City. Auditor Gillespie stood for Ashland, Plattsmouth's favorite. The competition between Yankee Hill and Lancaster was especially keen, and was dramatically enhanced by the fact that the Commissioners came direct from Yankee Hill, where they had been royally entertained; indeed, Secretary Kennard, who was strongly for Lancaster, records that "after we had arisen from the table, a very beautiful young lady came around and took hold of my arm, with the query: 'Now, Mr. Secretary, you won't, after being entertained so nicely as you have been here today, go over to Lancaster and locate the capital there, will you?' My answer required all the diplomacy of which I was master," he adds.

The characters who are introduced in the scene include, besides the Commissioners, the beautiful young lady from Yankee Hill, dramatically known as "Mollie"; Hon. John Cadman, member of the Territorial Legislature, and J. W. Field and wife, also of Yankee Hill; from Nebraska City, James Sweet, who represented Nebraska City capitalists interested in the project and who became a member of Lincoln's first banking firm, and August Harvey, who acted as clerk to the Commission and supervised the laying out of the city after the site had been chosen; from Lancaster,

Elder Young, Captain Donovan and wife, Hon. John S. Gregory, like Cadman, an ex-legislator, Dr. John McKesson, Postmaster Jacob Dawson and his wife, Stephen B. Pound, at that time groceryman and law student, later to be judge, Jacob Pflug, storekeeper and liquor dealer, W. W. Cox and wife, and Luke Lavender, both farmers. The consideration which finally tipped the beam in favor of Lancaster was the offer of a section of land by the citizens of the village; but at the last moment Lavender demanded a bonus of a thousand dollars for his share in the offer, and came very near upsetting the whole plan; indeed, it is said, that only threats of lynching by his irate townsfellows finally brought him round. Thus, up to the last moment, the Commissioners' choice was dramatically uncertain. The reasons which finally prevailed are given in the scene in the speech in which the Governor announces the decision.

Scene III has been chiefly occupied with the rivalry of Yankee Hill and Lancaster, and the triumph of the latter. Scene IV represents the much broader and more stringent rivalry between the North and South Platte sections of the state. At that time the South Platte counties contained the greater part of the state's population, but in the North Platte region Omaha was already the largest town in the state and it had been the seat of the territorial capital. The legislative act removing the capital had been in a considerable sense a sectional fight, with Nebraska City leading the South Platte sentiment. Furthermore, the whole matter was pushed with consequential haste, and was at first hardly regarded in Omaha as more than a political threat. When the imminence of removal became apparent, there was an intention of carrying the matter to the courts and of detaining the state seal and archives at Omaha. This project was defeated by Messrs. Kennard and Gillespie, who secretly conveyed these articles to Lincoln, Kennard driving all night cross-country. This happened in December, 1867, but for the sake of dramatic presentation it is brought back in Scene IV of the pageant to August 14, the day upon which the Governor issued his proclamation making Lincoln Nebraska's capital. This historic document is introduced into the scene, which

opens with Lancaster's preparations for a celebration of Lincoln's name day; represents Secretary Kennard bringing in the state seal, pursued by an entirely fictive posse from Omaha; continues with the reading of the proclamation in the presence of the citizens of Lancaster, the Omaha posse, and an equally fictive delegation from Nebraska City; and closes with the wedding of North Platte "Charlie" and South Platte "Mollie," thus symbolizing the sentimental union of the state. This scene departs from historical literalness, but only for the sake of preserving historical verisimilitude by dramatically typifying the intense rivalries of the time. With this scene and the reading of the historical proclamation establishing Lincoln as the state capital, the dramatic portion of the pageant comes to an end. An intermission follows.

Scene V is entitled "Medley of University Life." The State University, perhaps more than any other institution, gives the state capital its distinctive character. Its establishment was provided for in the act establishing the city, and its campus was blocked out in the first plat of the town. Nor need it seem too fanciful to regard Elder Young's Female Seminary as, in a sense, a prophetic precursor of the city's educational character. However, it is not the serious aspect of education that Scene V is concerned with; rather it aims to give a whimsical and spectacular suggestion of the various phases of student life, the gaieties, sports, and fun, which rightfully make college days happy and memorable. Students of the early days are first introduced—days when the city campus was a pasture for the townsmen's cows and the students themselves were a mixture of fresh bookishness and bucolic simplicity. The change of colors from old gold to scarlet and cream, in 1892, is symbolized, and the characteristic activities of college life, football, drill, athletics, social life, are successively depicted. The intention of the scene is to give a lively panorama, full of reminiscence of college days.

Last of all, Scene VI is purely allegorical and musical. The grasshopper plague of 1874 is taken as the fitting division between infant and mature Lincoln. The scene opens

with a dance of the Growing Fields—Corn, Wheat, Oats, Rye, etc.,—“Daughters of the Prairies.” The ravening Grasshoppers appear, and the joy of the Fields changes to terror, as they are pursued by the destructive insects. But these in turn have their enemies; the Birds come in swift chase of them, and the Grasshoppers are driven forth. Then the Spirit of the West makes her entrance, and enticingly summons forth the Golden Hopes of the future, whose song is of joy and sunshine again. Lastly, Progress appears in his chariot, and with a repetition of the Hymn to Nebraska, the pageant closes.

SYNOPSIS

SCENE I

WESTWARD HO !

The Adventures, led onward by the Spirit of Progress, on their westward march encounter the Sprites of the Prairies, who by their allurements induce them to stay their age-long journey. All join in the Hymn to Nebraska.

SCENE II

THE SALT GATHERERS

A party of Omaha Indians, on their way to the hunting grounds, stop at *Niskithe ke* (pronounced Nis-ke'-the ke), Salt Creek, to collect salt for their winter's meat. An old man prophesies the future town of the white men.

SCENE III

CHOICE OF THE SITE OF LINCOLN.

JUNE 29, 1867

State Commissioners Butler, Gillespie, and Kennard, appointed to select a site for Nebraska's future capital, arrive at the village of Lancaster which, after considering the claims of Yankee Hill and other settlements, they choose as the location of Lincoln.

SCENE IV

PROCLAMATION OF THE CAPITAL CITY,

AUGUST 14, 1867

The state seal is surreptitiously brought from Omaha by Secretary Kennard. Upon his arrival, closely pursued by a posse hostile to the capital's removal, Governor Butler signs the proclamation making Lincoln the state capital. The sentimental union of the state is symbolized by the wedding of a North Platte man with his South Platte sweetheart, in the presence of the Omaha posse and a Nebraska City delegation.

SCENE V

MEDLEY OF UNIVERSITY LIFE

The medley opens with a bucolic scene typifying the early days; the change of college colors, in 1892, from old gold to scarlet and cream is symbolized; followed by representations indicative of football, drill, girls' athletics, and gala day spirit.

SCENE VI

THE GRASSHOPPERS AND AFTER

The grasshopper plague of 1874 is symbolically presented. First appear the fruitful fields; the ravening grasshoppers attack them, and are pursued and driven off by the birds. The Spirit of the West summons the Golden Hopes for the future; and in the finale, participated in by all, the Hymn to Nebraska is repeated from the first scene.

THE CHARACTERS

SCENE I

Spirit of Progress
The Adventures
Sprites of the Prairies

SCENE II

Chieftain, leader of a band of Indian hunters
Prophet, an old man of the tribe
Two Scouts
Men and Women of the band

SCENES III-IV

Commissioners:

Governor David Butler
Secretary of State Thomas P. Kennard
State Auditor John Gillespie

Citizens of Nebraska City:

August F. Harvey, clerk of the Commission
James Sweet, capitalist

Citizens of Lancaster:

Hon. John S. Gregory
Captain Wm. T. Donovan
Elder J. M. Young
Dr. John McKesson
Postmaster Jacob Dawson
Stephen B. Pound
Wm. W. Cox
Luke Lavender
Jacob Pflug
Mrs. Donovan
Mrs. Dawson
Mrs. Cox
Two Boys

Citizens of Yankee Hill:

Hon. John Cadman
J. W. Field
Mrs. Field
"Mollic"

A Messenger

Posse from Omaha :

Leader

"Charlie"

Members

Delegation from Nebraska City :

Citizens

Musicians

Militia

SCENE V

Old Time Students

Solid Couple

Cowherd, a Student

The Cow

Cadet Officer

Awkward Squad

Sem. Bot. Members

New Time Students

Football Players

Cadets

Athletic Coeds

SCENE VI

The Fields :

Corn

Wheat

Rye

Oats

Meadowgrass

The Raveners (Grasshoppers)

The Birds

Spirit of the West

Golden Hopes

Progress

Attendants of Progress

Chorus

SCENE I

WESTWARD HO !

SCENE I

Background of trees and greenery. The scene opens with an orchestral overture, brilliant and vivid, suggestive of a vigorous march. From behind the trees is heard the voices of the Adventures in the first words of their choric song:

Westward ho! Westward ho! Westward ho!

They enter, led onward by the Spirit of Progress, to a martial air, singing as they march:

Westward ho! the march of Empire!
Westward ho! the way of Man!
Westward, where the wings of Promise
Like an arch of glory span
The horizon of the nations
As they read God's destined plan!

In the lust of Wonder waking,
In the pride of youthful power,
Westward, where the light is breaking
On a glorious morning hour,
Westward, where the soil is waiting
Yet to bring man's life to flower!

By the pilgrim Hope led onward,
By the warrior Right made strong,
For their king the kingly Future,
Come the nations, throng on throng,
Meeting toil and high adventure
Heart upborne by living song!

Westward ho! the march of Empire!
Westward ho! the way of Man!
Westward, where the wings of Promise
Like an arch of glory span
The horizon of the nations
As they read God's destined plan!

As the song ceases and the chorus recedes to the wings, the music becomes tumultuous, quivering, fantastic, with stops and starts, croonings and soft laughter, suggestive of early summer on the prairie. The Sprites of the Prairie enter in small groups, like wind-wisps springing up here and there on a summer's day. They dance and pirouette, and beckon enticingly to the Adventures.

First Group: Fairest flowers,
 Gentle showers,
 Sunny hours, oh, sunny hours...

Second Group: Winds that blow
 To and fro,
 Golden, golden afterglow...

Third Group: Gift of corn
 Hued with morn,
 Wonder gift of fragrant corn...

Fourth Group: Tender dews,
 Honey brews,
 Drafts of magic none refuse...

Fifth Group: Hill and dale,
 Swell and swale,
 Springs of life that never fail...

All: Prairies, prairies, flowing prairies,
 Prairies, prairies, are we all:
 Prairies, prairies, living prairies,
 Hark, O harken to our call!

Sixth Group: Cease thy quest,
 Come and rest
 On the Prairie's mother-breast...

Seventh Group: Far and wide
 Here abide,
 Earth can show thee naught beside...

All: Prairies, prairies, fallow prairies,
 Prairies, prairies, are we all:
 Prairies, prairies, fruitful prairies,
 Harken, harken to our call!

They recede luringly, and the Adventures once more advance. The music becomes jubilant, with a note of prophetic exaltation as all join in the choric Hymn to Nebraska:

Nebraska, O Nebraska,
Thee we obey!
Jeweled with the Night, Nebraska,
Diademed with Day!
Nebraska, O Nebraska,
Land with promise blest,
Brightest of the stars emblazoned,
Queen of the West!

Where the splendors of the prairies greet the splendors of
the skies,
Till the green of Earth immingles with the blue of Paradise;
Where the dance of dewy cornfields flashes welcome to the
sun,
And the singing winds make music when the toil of day is
done:
There it is, on farm and steading, we shall make a nation's
home,
With the living sod for hearthplace and our altar heaven's
dome!

Nebraska, O Nebraska,
Mother of States!
Golden hope shall greet, Nebraska,
All who seek thy gates!
Nebraska, O Nebraska,
Home shall be thy sod
While thy prairies yield in fruitage
Bounty of God!

Exeunt, marching.

NO INTERMISSION

SCENE II

THE SALT GATHERERS

SCENE II

As the symbolic chorus of the first scene disappears and the orchestral period closes, the drums fall into a pulsating Indian rhythm. A flute breaks in with an Omaha melody. There enters an Indian hunting party, scouts in advance, chieftain, hunters, women. They sing as they march:

Very pleasant are the prairies, oh!
Wide is the trail of many buffalo;
Here it was our fathers wandered through the
 moons of long ago,
Following on the trails that lead to and fro . . .
Very pleasant are the grassy prairies, oh!
Following on the trail of many buffalo . . .
Ah, where went our elders, there all must go.

The scouts advance with hands shading their peering eyes.

First Scout: Niskithe ke! Niskithe ke!
I see the stream Niskithe ke!

Second Scout: Niskithe ke! Niskithe ke!
It is the stream Niskithe ke!

The Chief plants his spear, as a sign of encampment; the march ceases, and the Indians deploy.

Chief: Here we rest!
Here we make our camp.
Beside the stream Niskithe ke,
The salty stream Niskithe ke!
Till the sun is at his zenith,
Till the sun has drunk the waters
Of the salty stream Niskithe ke,
We shall camp here, we shall linger
While the men and women gather
Salt to serve us for our hunting,
From the salty stream Niskithe ke.
They shall take them scoop and feathers;

They shall go beside the waters
Where a band of salt is forming
As the sun goes toward his zenith,
Like a band of shining beadwork
At the border of the waters.
They shall brush the salt with feathers;
They shall pack it, they shall store it;
Salt to serve us for our hunting,
Salt to salt the meat to feed us
Through the white moons of the winter,
So that we may live securely
Through the cold and hungry winter.
Many thanks we give Niskithe ke
For the salt that shall preserve us
Through the white moons of the winter!

All: Many thanks we give Niskithe ke,
Thanks we give the stream Niskithe ke,
For the salt that keeps the meat good
Through the white moons of the winter!

The men and women bring forth scoops of rawhide and feather brushes. The music takes up an Indian dance-rhythm, to which the Indians perform a mimetic dance, seeming to brush up the salt into the scoops. At the close of the dance the Chief lifts his spear.

Chief: Now, my children, we have gathered
Gift of salt from salt Niskithe ke,
Salt to keep our stores of meat good
Through the white moons of the winter.
Let us onward on our journey,
Giving thanks to kind Niskithe ke
For the salt that we have gathered.

The marching order is resumed; but ere they start an old medicine man, a prophet, advances with raised calumet.

Prophet: O ye warriors, O ye young men,
O ye women, O ye people,
Hear the words that I am speaking!

In the days that yet are coming,
In the days of the tomorrow,
Here beside the stream Niskithe ke
There shall be a mighty village,
There shall be a town of white men,
Fairest town in all Nebraska!
Niskithe shall our people call it,
Niskithe, Salt-Town, shall they call it;
But the white men, they will name it
For the bravest of their warriors,
For the noblest of their chieftains,
For the wisest of their wise men!
I have spoken, I have spoken.

The drum rhythm becomes insistent; all is ready for the march.

All: Fare thee well, O stream Niskithe ke!
Fare thee well, until the morrow,
Till the day we see the village
That the white men build beside thee!

Exeunt.

INTERMISSION

SCENE III

CHOICE OF THE SITE OF LINCOLN

June 29, 1867

SCENE III

Before the house of Captain Wm. T. Donovan, village of Lancaster, June 29, 1867.

Enter from the house Captain Donovan and Hon. John S. Gregory.

Gregory: I tell you, Donovan, there's no doubt about it. The capital of the young, great and growing state of Nebraska will be located right here in the village of Lancaster and on this very day, June the twenty-ninth, year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-seven! We have all the natural advantages—flowing streams, rolling hills, heaven-kissing trees, and—salt! Besides the very obvious political asset of such citizens as William T. Donovan and John S. Gregory, here present.

Donovan: You've sure a fine confidence in you, John Gregory. I'm not so fixed in my mind about it. There are other towns on the map besides Lancaster,—though I'm not saying it public. And there's folks in Yankee Hill can turn a trick or two themselves.

Gregory: I tell you it's as good as settled. This very day the capital of Nebraska will be located on the spot where we stand. I'm an Honorable ex-member of the Honorable ex-Territorial ex-Legislature, and you may trust me for some political sagacity!

Donovan: Hope you're right. Here come Jake Dawson and Stephen Pound,—Pound's his name and pounds he gives, in his little grocery shack; a man that measures as true as he does won't stop with sugar and beans; we'll see him judge yet. *(Enter Dawson and Pound.)* Mornin', Pound. Mornin', Postmaster. Any news?

Dawson: None of the best. Yankee Hill's got the whole commission set down to the biggest breakfast ever cooked west of the river. Rustic arbor, flags, flowers, pretty girls, roast lamb, suckling pig, fried chicken,—smells like Delmonico's an' looks like Saratoga Springs. An' this is for you, Gregory, they've got the Honorable ex-member of the Honorable ex-Territorial ex-Legisla-

ture, John Cadman, for toastmaster and boastmaster of said feed. Them's the news!

Enter hurriedly Dr. John McKesson.

McKesson: I say, gentlemen,—gentlemen, I say. Have you heard, gentlemen? I say, have you heard the news? Yankee Hill's got one over us, gentlemen, got one over us,—all the commissioners, pretty girls, big breakfast, glorious view, flow of soul! I say, we've got to do something gentlemen—

Dawson: And damn quick.

Donovan: Gregory's been telling me Lancaster's as good as chosen! What d'ye think of it now, John? Political say-gas-ity! Say hot air!

Enter Cox, sleeves rolled up to the elbows, a squawking chicken in each hand; simultaneously, Jacob Pflug with a keg of beer.

Cox: Boys, have you heard what Yankee Hill's up to? Feedin' the commissioners! No time to lose. We got to give 'em the bulliest chicken dinner ever busted a vest. Here's a couple of my top-notchers, and wife's comin' to help Mrs. Donovan cook 'em.

Pflug (triumphantly depositing his keg of beer and wiping his brow): Schicken und beer—dere it iss! Yankee Hell hass schickens, but Yacob Pflug hass beer! Ve shall see vot ve shall see.

Mrs. Donovan (from the door): Well, you are a set of fool men! Do you suppose that the governor and the secretary and the auditor are going to get up from one chicken dinner and sit right down to another, and then like it? Even the Elder and Dr. McKesson, both of whom's Methodist preachers, couldn't do that.

Pound: I think Mrs. Donovan shows signs of reason. You might as well let your chickens run, Cox.

Pflug: Schickens oder nicht, beer iss beer und dere it iss. Yankee Hell hass no beer.

Donovan: The beer might come convenient, boys. It's bidding a warmish day, and if Mrs. Donovan could have beer at hand, and if Jacob could draw a mug for

the governor when his throstle's a bit dry with the argument, and for the honorable secretary and the honorable auditor, it could very sociably incline them all to think more soberly of the irresistible claims of Lancaster. It can be worked easy, for ye know they're to vote in my house.

Pflug: Beer iss beer und commissioners iss commissioners. I will take him to Mrs. Donovan's kitchen. (*Exit with keg.*)

Pound: You'll have to think of something better than this, boys. Time's short.

Gregory: Gentlemen,—(*cries of "Hear! Hear!"*)—the destinies of the great and growing state of Nebraska are not to be settled by such small matters as chicken dinners and mugs of beer, however tender the chicken, however cooling the beer. Statesmen such as Governor David Butler, Secretary Thomas Kennard, and Auditor John Gillespie are not to be moved by the blushing maidens and noisy bluster of Yankee Hill. Reasons of state alone will determine—

Dawson: See here, John, we haven't time for it. Wait till the next campaign. If you've got a scheme, what is it?

Gregory: Just this, gentlemen. We must be ready to give the commissioners such an offer as Yankee Hill or Seward or Ashland or any other town never dreamed of, an offer they can't refuse and save their political bacons.

McKesson: What is it? What is it?

Gregory: A section of land. The land we're standing on. Down in your jeans, gentlemen, and dig it out.

McKesson: Can we afford it?

Gregory: Can't afford not to. The capital's got to come right here.

Dawson: Reckon you're right for once, John. Boys, we got to do it.

Cox: Somebody better make out the paper.

Dawson: Pound's the man. Do it right and do it soon, Stephen.

*Pound retires to a table beneath a tree and begins to write.
Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Dawson enter.*

McKesson: I say, gentlemen. There come the ladies in their Sunday best, looking for a glimpse of the governor.

Dawson: Not fixed for cookin', that's sure. Guess the women got some sense. Eh, Cox?

McKesson: Good day, Mrs. Cox. How is Mrs. Dawson? Seats for the ladies, gentlemen. This way, ladies (*leading them to a bench seat*). Flowers for the governor's party? I say, gentlemen, the ladies have brought flowers for the governor—and the flower of their own presence, gentlemen. I say.

Pound: Here's the paper.

Gregory: Sign now.

They begin signing, turn by turn.

Dawson: Where's Elder Young this morning?

Cox: Coming. That's him with the umbrella, down the road.

Donovan: Aye, the very man. Carries an umbrella in the sunshine and builds a Young Females' Seminary on a salt plain in the middle of the Great American Desert when the only females in forty miles are Pawnee squaws. Between the Elder and Brigham it's a great family, is the Youngs!

Cox: You're late, Elder.

Young: What, have the commissioners come?

Cox: They're just about due,—if the Yankee Hill breakfast hasn't broke down their rigs. Field and Cadman are cute ones, out there. They mean to cinch the capital for the Hill.

Young: Can the commissioners forget—for one moment forget the great educational advantages of the home of the Lancaster Association's Young Females' Seminary? Impossible! I selected this very site four years ago to be the seat of the greatest fount of knowledge on God's plains. Gillespie knows it; they all know it.

Here must stand the state's capital, here its great and famous University! •

Dawson: Just my sentiments, Elder. I only hope it's theirs!

Cox: Where's Luke Lavender? He must sign.

Donovan: Not here.

Gregory: Everybody's signed except him. Cox, you take the paper, hunt him up, and get his name. Don't let the grass grow, either. *(Exit Cox)*

Dawson: There they come, hovin' in sight now! Commissioners chuck full of chicken, Yankee Hill arrayed in glory.

Enter in two spring wagons: First, Butler, Kennard, Gillespie, with Harvey driving; second, Cadman, "Mollie," Mrs. Field, Field driving. They descend.

Young: A beaming hour, Governor. Auspicious Phoebus smiles on the Lancaster Association's Young Females' Seminary, eh?

Donovan: Top o' the day to ye, gentlemen.

Butler: Ah, Elder, Captain, glad to see you again. How are you, John,—in line for the next legislature? And here is the Doctor with the Lancaster ladies.

All have descended; there are general handshakings. Boys lead the teams out.

Dawson: How d'y, Mr. Kennard. How d'y Field. Yes, there's some mail for you, an' for Miss Mollie, too—curious how regular they come, Mollie, Omaha postmark, firm masculine hand, and I'll bet they're signed "Charlie" on the inside!

Mollie: You mind your stamps, Mr. Dawson, and I'll mind my mail.

Dawson: I reckon he's your male all right, but I'm mighty doubtful if you're the one that's goin' to do the mindin'.

Mollie: Why, good morning, Mrs. Dawson. Isn't he horrid?

Mrs. Dawson: They're all that way when they've got you lariatied. Getting married is like getting lassoed.

McKesson: Governor Butler, Mrs. Cox. Mrs. Cox, the Governor. Not that you haven't met before, but there's some satisfaction in introducing a body to a governor.

Mrs. Cox (presenting the governor a huge bouquet of red roses): Remember Lancaster, Governor. An' if Yankee Hill did keep you from comin' empty, we'll see that you don't go empty, neither.

Mrs. Field (hurrying up and presenting a huge bouquet of white roses): Oh, Governor Butler, we didn't want you to forget being with us at Yankee Hill this morning. These are from my own bush, first of its kind in the county. And you did make such a fine talk at breakfast this morning! We all said so.

Butler (bouquet in each hand): Ladies, ladies! This is truly a war of the roses—the red of Lancaster and white of glorious York—Yankee Hill, I mean. How is a man to preserve a judicial frame of mind in such a floral dilemma? Flowers spell fluster, madam, fluster; but I love them just the same! And the ladies, too. All governors do.

Mrs. Field, Mrs. Cox: Oh, Governor!

Young: Gillespie, you remember when I met you at Nebraska City three years ago and told you I was colonizing out here and building a female seminary?

Gillespie: I should say I do! And if ever I thought a man had gone daft I thought you had.

Young: Well, Gillespie, here's the town—pretty ship-shape, you'll have to own. And over there are the walls of the said seminary. All things come to those who have faith.

Gillespie: Right you are, Elder. I own up.

Young: Maybe you recollect, too, that at that self-same meeting, daft as I was, I told you that some day we'd have the county scat, aye, and the state capital and the state university at my colony?

Gillespie: So you did, so you did.

Young: Well, I hope I'm a true prophet, Gillespie, and I know you're a friend of mine. If friendship and

prophecy just work together, we'll have that capital right here today. I've a great faith pinned in you, John.
Gillespie: Trust me, Elder.

Mollie: Now, Mr. Secretary, you won't, after being entertained so nicely as you have been out at Yankee Hill today, go and locate the capital over here at Lancaster, will you?

Kennard: My dear lady, were I but the sole master of Thomas P. Kennard, and fate but my own wish, I would answer you as our mutual hearts prompt. But the commission, you know, authorized by the sovereign state of Nebraska, is a public servant. Personal considerations must give way to public interest; the commissioners must forget themselves and think only of the state—

Mollie: Of which we are a part, Mr. Secretary. Don't forget that.

Kennard: Not for one moment! When I think of the ruddied cheeks and petalled lips of the ladies of Yankee Hill you may be sure that I will give its claims every consideration which such an inspiration can suggest. We all will.

Led by Captain Donovan, the Commissioners approach the door of the house, Governor Butler in advance, holding his bouquets of flowers. Mrs. Donovan appears at the door.

Donovan: Mrs. Donovan, the Governor's party.

Mrs. Donovan: Welcome, gentlemen; the front room's tidied for you.

Butler (bowing): Kindest of hostesses. *(They enter)*

As the Commissioners and Harvey disappear, the aproned form of Jacob Pflug appears from round the house, carrying three mugs of beer.

Pflug: Schickens iss schickens und beer iss beer. Ve shall see vot ve shall see. *(Follows party into the house.)*

Donovan (to Mrs. Donovan, at window): Keep us posted where the wind lies.

Cadman (familiarily, to Gregory): Aha, John. We've had our little differences before this, eh?

Gregory: Yes, man to man, and town against town.

Cadman: Sorry for you, John. But I'm afraid your rabbit's biled this time. 'Tis a great and glorious day for Yankee Hill.

Mrs. Donovan (at window): The Governor's speaking for Yankee Hill.

Dawson: What's that?

Donovan: Butler's for Yankee Hill.

Mrs. Field: Governor Butler made such a beautiful speech this morning!

Mollie: I think I know how Mr. Kennard will vote.

Dawson: Where's that infernal fool, Luke Lavender? Cox's been gone an hour! Hey, you, Pound; can't you go and hustle up those idiots? And if Lavender's thinking about it, just squinch his thinker. *(Exit Pound)*

Gregory: Ditch that Dutchman and his beer!

Field (to Cadman): Lancaster seems to be some rattled today. S'pose it's sunstroke or Pflug's beer?

Cadman: Maybe the Young Females' Seminary's broke loose.

Field: Why, there comes Sweet of Nebraska City. Wonder what's up?

Cadman: Oh, Nebraska City's for Yankee Hill all right.

Enter Sweet on horseback. Dismounts. Boy takes horse.

Cadman: Hello, Sweet; in to see the fun?

Sweet: How's things going?

Cadman: Commissioners voting in at the Captain's house. Butler's favoring Yankee Hill.

Sweet: And the rest?

Cadman: Haven't heard yet, but we've got a good guess.

Mrs. Donovan (at window): Gillespie's talking Ashland.

Cadman: Ashland?

Gregory: Ashland! The devil and Tom Walker!

Sweet: That's where Plattsmouth's heard from! Anything to beat Nebraska City. Say, you fellows, you've got to get together on this proposition, p. d. q.

Cadman: What d'ye mean?

Sweet: Yankee Hill or Lancaster, it's all one to us at the City. But we can't stand for Ashland, that's Platts-mouth's choice. Now you fellows 've got an equal chance in the two towns; either choice helps both of you. Make it up, quick.

Cadman: Yankee Hill isn't beat yet.

Sweet: Don't fool yourself on that! If Gillespie's for Ashland, Yankee Hill's dead for this deal. I know Kennard. And they're going to make it unanimous; they've got to. It's Ashland or Lancaster. The question is, what has Lancaster to offer? That's where you come in, Gregory, and you, Donovan.

Meantime Cox and Pound have reappeared, bringing Luke Lavender. They have taken him to the table where the paper is spread out to be signed, and are gesticulating as in violent argument. Dawson and Young have joined the party, leaving McKesson to entertain the ladies.

Donovan: Holy Mike! What's that fool Lavender up to? Won't he sign?

Sweet: What is it?

Donovan: Offer of a section of land, by Lancaster. Everybody's signed but Lavender.

Sweet: He's got to. Let's go over there.

Gregory (as they join the group): What does he want?

Pound: A thousand dollars.

Gregory: It's a hold-up!

Lavender: Hold-up or no holdup, I don't sign till I see the money.

Gregory: By the eternal, you will!

Lavender: One thousand, spot cash.

Young: Luke, Luke, come around, come around.

Lavender: Hanged if I will!

Cox: We'll hang you if you don't!

Dawson (producing a halter rope and leaping upon the table): That's what we will, and damn soon. Up with him, boys!

Several lay hold of Lavender and the rope is slipped round his neck.

Young: Gentlemen, gentlemen, what does this mean? No violence, no violence! Remember the Young Females—

Pound (to Young): Don't worry, Elder. They know their man.

Lavender: Call it off, boys! Of course I'll sign. You know I was just joking. I'm as good a citizen as any of you.

Lavender is seated and a pen thrust into his hand. Dr. McKesson runs up excitedly.

McKesson: I say, gentlemen,—gentlemen, I say. Is something the matter? Is there a sunstroke, gentlemen? Is medical skill wanted, gentlemen?

Donovan: We thought we'd be wanting a coroner, but I chance it ye're not necessitated this time, doctor.

Sweet: Pound, rush that paper in to Kennard. *(Exit Pound)* I'll just go along, boys, to see how they take it. *(Exit to house.)*

Lavender: You fellows can't take a joke.

Young: Solomon says there's a time for all things. You hit the wrong time, Luke. A little failing of yours.

Mrs. Donovan (who has been waving for attention at window): Kennard's for Lancaster and Gillespie's coming over. Governor's for us, too.

Lancasterites: Hurrah! Hurrah!

Harvey (appearing at door): Oyez, oyez, oyez! The polls are now closed and the vote taken. Governor David Butler of the sovereign state of Nebraska will deliver the result.

Lancasterites: Hurrah for Butler! Hurrah for the Commissioners!

Enter from the house, Sweet and the Commissioners. Governor Butler with the bouquet of red roses in hand, remains upon the stoop; the audience forms.

Butler: Men and women of the sovereign commonwealth of Nebraska: In pursuance of the authority in us vested by the state legislature, we, the commissioners delegated

to select a site suitable for the capital city of our great commonwealth and worthy to bear the name of our noble and martyred President Lincoln, after arduous travels and minute and studied consideration, have at last reached an unanimous decision. (*Cheers*) We have considered the attractions of many localities within the area assigned by legislative enactment; we have been drawn in many directions; for our beautiful state, and in particular the portion of it within which you dwell, affords numberless townsites, at once admirable for beauty and big with the promise of wealth and greatness. We have been attracted by Ashland, with its rich verdure and richer alluvium. We have been profoundly and personally affected by the magnificent vistas and beauteous dames of Yankee Hill. (*Cheers*) But, ignoring personal predilections, as public officials must, and brushing aside all considerations except such as meet the needs and wishes of the commonwealth which we serve, we have finally settled upon what we are convinced is the most naturally gifted and potentially profitable site which our broad domain affords; and we have decided that the future location of the stately edifices of the capital of Nebraska shall be these prairies which spread in undulating beauty on every hand, here where we stand, in the village of Lancaster! (*Prolonged cheering*) While every site that we have considered proclaims advantages, here more are united than elsewhere. Lancaster stands upon the verge of a great basin watered by numerous streams, whose gently flowing beds suggest, as has been indicated by my friend the Honorable Secretary of State (*cheers*)—suggest the approach of many lines of traffic, promising here a railroad center without rival in the West. (*Cheers*) Water-power and timber are near at hand; the fertility of the soil is beyond computation; and already the sturdy settler has broken the sod in the firm determination to secure therefrom that sustenance and wealth which it so certainly promises. Lastly, the town of Lancaster itself is peopled by citi-

zens whose noble idealism has been the astonishment of their neighbors. Nought can augur more for the future of a great state than that the center of its political and educational life should be on a spot already sanctified to education by the pioneer labors and prophetic anticipations of such men as Elder Young and his fellow townsmen. (*Cheers*) In view of all these advantages, great in themselves, but infinitely greater in prospect, we, the state's commissioners, feel that we are conferring, with clean hands and unsullied conscience, an inestimable benefit upon the commonwealth in locating here in Lancaster the future capital of Nebraska, to be known as Lincoln City. I thank you. (*Vociferous cheers*)

Young: In behalf of the citizens of Lancaster, and I am sure that I may add in behalf of our neighbors of Yankee Hill, who are in all things one with us, I thank you, Mr. Governor, and you, Gentlemen of the Commission, for the great trust which you have reposed in us, and for the bright future which your words open out to us. May we live to see—as I am confident we shall—these prairie elevations fittingly crowned with halls of legislation and justice and with such a university as shall be a world-wide credit to the high name of Nebraska! (*Renewed cheering*)

Amid general handshakings, the audience begins to disperse.

Mrs. Cox: Don't forget the dinner, gentlemen,—at the Cox house.

Gregory (to Cadman): Afraid you crowed too soon, John.

Cadman: I'll have the first hotel in Lincoln. You'll see!

Field: And I've a boy for the University.

The wagons have returned. Yankee Hill departs. All leave except the Commissioners, Harvey, and Sweet.

Butler: Boys, there's a lot to do yet, before this thing is cinched. The North Platte country isn't going to lose the capital if they can hang on to it, and Omaha thinks the whole affair is a hoax. We must rush the business through. You, Sweet, get the Nebraska City men to-

gether; they must stand behind us with money. You, Harvey, stay here and lay out the town; do a good job of it, and do it quick. It's up to Kennard and Gillespie to get the state seal and the state papers from Omaha without their suspecting it. I've a tip that they intend to keep them there. I'll go down home and seem to be asleep. Harvey must finish his job in six weeks. We'll all meet here for final action August 14, next. Remember the date and be on the dot. Here's our wagon and your horse, Sweet. So we're off.

Exeunt.

PATRIOTIC MUSIC

SCENE IV

PROCLAMATION OF THE CAPITAL CITY

August 14, 1867

SCENE IV

*Before the house of Captain Donovan, village of Lancaster,
August 14, 1867.*

Hand-bell is heard ringing intermittently. Enter two bare-legged boys, on the run; one has a clacker in his hand, the other a reed whistle. They bring up simultaneously.

First Boy: I beat!

Second Boy: I beat!

First Boy: Y' didn't neither!

Second Boy: Did teither!

First Boy blows his whistle in the other's ear, who sounds his clacker vigorously. They dance a jig-step and bring up again.

First Boy: Gee! Won't we make some noise today!

Second Boy: I bet we will!

First Boy: There comes pap Cox and old Dawson with the horse-fiddle.

Second Boy: Let's go over.

They trot across to where Cox and Dawson are depositing the horse-fiddle.

First Boy: Try 'er once, pap!

Cox grinningly rasps the fiddle.

Second Boy: Jiminy, but she's a squawker!

First Boy: Just a bully one!

Dawson (to the Boys): Got your tooters iled?

Boys: You bet! You bet!

The hand-bell is heard again and Jacob Pflug appears, aproned, bell in one hand, long pipe in the other.

Dawson: Wie geht's, Yacob? Celebrating?

Pflug: Schoen, sehr schoen! Pisiness iss pisiness, und capitals iss capitals, und beer iss beer; aber venn mein pisiness iss beer, und mein beer iss capitals—ach! z'ist himmelschoen!

Pflug puffs complacently at his pipe. Enter Pound and Lavender.

Pound: Has the Governor come yet?

Donovan: Came last night. He's in at Donovan's lookin' over the plat of Lincoln that Harvey's showin' him. Gregory's there, too.

Cox: Here's the rest of the folks comin' along. Yankee Hill an' all. Everybody with his clacker, too. I reckon there'll be noise enough when the proclamation's been read.

Boy: Won't there, though!

Lavender (producing a bladder): There's some pop in this here, too. Goes off like a Fourth of July. (*Inflates it*)

Pound: Lancaster's live enough when she gets started.

Boy: It's Lincoln City now, Mr. Pound, ain't it?

Pound (laughingly): I accept the amendment. This is to be Lincoln's name-day, anyway. So it's none too soon to be getting used to the new name.

Enter (right) Dr. McKesson and the Lancaster ladies, holiday dress, Elder Young with his umbrella draped with an American flag; (left) Yankee Hill party, Cadman, the Fields, and "Mollie"—the latter in high fashion, with gay-colored parasol.

Young (calling): Glorious day for the christening, Field! Lancaster's a lusty infant and Yankee Hill a prince of godfathers!

Field: Christening, is it? So that's why you brought your umbrella, parson? Lookin' for a shower? Goin' to give us a sprinkle or a souse?

Young: Showers of blessings, neighbor! Hopes, prosperities, joys, and jubilations!

Field: Amen, say I. Sounds right, anyhow.

Cadman (to Dawson): What are you fixin' up for, Jake? Looks like a shivaree was on.

Mrs. Field: Who's marrying? I haven't heard of it.

Field: Then it's all off, ma. Trust you.

Mollie (aside): Who *could* have told them? I sent my note direct to Charlie, in Omaha, and never said a word to anybody here! (*To Dawson*) Did you say somebody is going to be married, Mr. Postmaster?

Dawson: Well, I know someone that ought to be married; but seein' as I'm a married man myself, I'm afraid I can't help her out. Sorry—

Cadman: Careful, Jake!

Dawson: But if you're askin' what we're fixin' for here, it isn't to shivaree a weddin', but a christenin', as the Elder calls it. When the Governor gets his proclamation signed, and stamped with the state seal Kennard's goin' to bring, and read and declared, and Lancaster's defuncto and Lincoln's defacto, then we're goin' to start the shiverin'est shivaree ever shivered an Injun.

Field: Don't you need a little practice first? Sort of tunin' up of th' orchestra?

Dawson: Nary an objection if it'll entertain the ladies. Here, Yacob, you wave the tune while Bill and me fiddles. Come on, boys, with your whistles.

Pflug: Ya, ya. I vill be koncertmeister. All mit ein ander. Ready. Ein, zwei; ein, zwei,—blay like tse defil!

Pflug waves his long pipe majestically, and then as the horse-fiddle, bell, bladder, whistle, and clacker start, he holds it in both hands and puffs vigorous clouds of tobacco. With the burst of noise the door of the house is flung open by Donovan. Behind him appear Harvey, Gregory and Butler, the latter in shirt-sleeves with palm-leaf fan. Mrs. Donovan at the window. Dr. McKesson leaves the Lancaster ladies, whom he has been entertaining in the background, and hurries forward with medicine case.

McKesson: I say, gentlemen,—gentlemen, I say. Is it a sunstroke? Is medical assistance needed, gentlemen? I say.

Field: The doctor can't forget that sunstroke last year. Haven't I told you, doctor, that the sun never strikes twice in the same place?

Cox: 'Fraid this country's too healthy for the medical profession.

Donovan: What's the rumpus, boys? Aren't ye a bit in chase o' yourselves? Time's not been called.

Dawson: Just a practice turn, Captain. Field was doubtin' she'd fiddle.

Butler: Any word from Omaha?

Pound: Nothing yet, Governor. We've sent a boy up the trail to watch for Kennard.

Boy: I see some feller on the Nebraska City trail. Comin' horseback.

Harvey: It must be Sweet. He's due.

Boy: Yep. It's him.

Enter Sweet. Dismounts. Boy takes his horse.

Cadman: How are you, Sweet. Waiting for you.

Sweet: So I see, so I see. Capital city reception. Well, Governor, I've brought the papers (*producing them*). Nebraska City's behind us on this deal. In fact, ladies and gentlemen, there's a big delegation coming up to celebrate the day—prominent citizens, band, flags, militia,—on the way now. I came on ahead.

Dawson: Hurrah for Nebraska City!

All: Hurrah! Hurrah!

Butler: You've done your part, Sweet. And Harvey here's done his. And I've got my proclamation all ready. Now if Gillespie and Kennard will only show up with the seal. They ought to be in sight.

Enter messenger on horseback, as if from hard journey.

Messenger (excitedly): Is Governor Butler here? Message for Governor Butler!

Gregory: Here! Here he is.

Butler (reading the message which he has torn open): "Kennard got away last night with the seal hidden under the seat of his buggy. Omaha has discovered the trick and is sending a posse in pursuit. Kennard's start is small; chances are against him. I can do nothing at this end." Signed, "GILLESPIE."

Consternation. Sweet whistles dubiously. Crowd gathers.

Mollie (aside): Charlie got my note all right!

Butler (to Messenger): Did you pass them on the way?

Messenger: Had to come by another trail.

Butler: See anything of Kennard?

Messenger: Nothing. Oh, I did see a buggy mired in the Platte. Maybe that was him.

Cadman (sarcastically): Maybe it was!

Butler (savagely): Of all of God's fools! Boys, looks like the game was up.

Sweet: There's a chance yet. Make up a crowd, quick! Where's my horse?

Enter Boy, running.

Boy: Hey, fellers! There's a buggy comin' down the Omaha trail! Drivin' like Jehosaphat!

Gregory: It's Kennard.

Cadman: Must be Kennard.

Butler (wiping his brow): If it's Kennard, we're saved.

Enter Kennard in dust-covered buggy. He throws the reins to the Boy and jumps from the buggy with a package in his arms.

Kennard: Not a minute to lose! They're after me—half a mile back!

Sweet: Quick! Into the house. Donovan, you hold 'em at the door.

Sweet hurries Butler into the house, followed by Kennard, Harvey, Gregory, and Cadman. Donovan seats himself nonchalantly on the door-step.

Donovan: Boy, you hustle that buggy out of sight. Now, folks, don't huddle up like a lot of poodles. Spread out and smile. Sing a hymn or dance a spanking jack!

Dawson: Sure, this is a pic-nic we're havin'.—a quiet neighborhood affair.

Young: Ah, yes; we must compose ourselves into a bucolic scene,—classical and pastoral as befits the environment of the Lancaster Association's Young Females' Seminary.

Boy: Here they come, on the jump!

Enter Posse, five or six men, cowboy type, as if just dismounted.

Leader: Where's Kennard?

Donovan: How are you, stranger. Lookin' for somebody?

Leader: Where's Kennard, I say?

Dawson: Has a horse been stole? We haven't seen no horsethief in these parts.

Mrs. Field: A horsethief!

Mrs. Cox: Lawkamercy, a horsethief!

Leader: See here, no foolin'—

McKesson: I say, ladies! Gentlemen, I say! You're disturbing the ladies, gentlemen! Ladies, the gentlemen are disturbing you! As a gentleman myself and a medical man, I say—

Leader: Cut it short! We're after Mr. Secretary of State Kennard and the great seal of the state of Nebraska which he has illegally lifted from Omaha. Just get off'n that stoop, Captain Donovan. We're goin' in.

Donovan: Intrude on a wedding! A private home-affair wedding! Not while Captain William T. Donovan is sitting guard over his own roof-tree and door-step, an I thank ye!

Leader: We know what sort of a weddin' you're havin'. Out of the way 'fore you get hurt!

Donovan: Shy bride, blushing groom. It's the most conubial nuptials this town ever hymenized. When an important matter like the changing of a name is taking place in my house, 'tis not to be interfered with.

Dawson: Can't you see we're just gettin' ready the shiva-ree? (*Rasps the horse-fiddle.*)

Young: Ah, yes; and the christening—

Field: Hold on, Elder; you're a bit previous with your christenings. They're just getting married.

Leader: The whole bunch of you's too previous. Come on, boys!

Omaha advances threateningly. Lancaster steps forward as if to resist. Just then "Mollie," who has been edging round toward the Omaha group, rushes forward and throws herself into the arms of one of them.

Mollie: O Charlie, Charlie! Don't let them hurt you!

Charlie: Mollie, darling!

Leader: What does this mean?

Donovan: Somebody's being mollified, that's all.

Dawson: Didn't we tell you these was marryin' doin's?

Leader: Hang this crowd! Boys——

As Omaha turns threateningly, the sound of "Dixie," played by drum and fife, is heard, and in marches Nebraska City, flags flying, militia with guns in hand. Omaha backs away from the door, while the soldiers line up with presented arms. The door of the house opens and Harvey and Sweet rush out.

Harvey, Sweet: Hurrah for Nebraska City!

Lancasterites: Hurrah! Hurrah!

Governor Butler appears upon the door-step, bare-headed, long coat, palm-leaf fan in one hand, the proclamation, sealed with a large red seal, in the other. Behind him Cadman and Gregory, wearing silk tiles. Butler raises his hand for attention.

Butler (reading): "To Whom it May Concern: Know ye, That on this, the 14th day of August, Anno Domini 1867, by virtue of the authority in us vested and in accordance with 'An Act to provide for the location of the Seat of Government of the State of Nebraska and for the erection of public buildings thereat, approved June 14th, 1867,' we the undersigned Commissioners, on this, the 14th day of August, Anno Domini 1867, have, by actual view, selected the following described lands, belonging to the State, viz.: The southeast quarter of section twenty-three; the west half of the north-west quarter, and the east half of the southwest quarter of section twenty-five; the west half of section twenty-six of township number ten, north of range number six, east of the sixth principal meridian, and have located the Seat of Government of the State of Nebraska upon said described lands, as a town to be known as Lincoln. Further, that we have upon the day above mentioned, designated within said location, the reservation for the Capitol building, State University and Agricultural College. Parks and other reservations contemplated in

the aforesaid act will be properly designated upon a plan and filed in the office of the Secretary of State. Done at Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, this 14th day of August, Anno Domini 1867." Signed, "DAVID BUTLER, THOMAS P. KENNARD, JOHN GILLESPIE, Commissioners." And sealed with the great seal of the sovereign commonwealth of Nebraska!

Cheers, drums, horse-fiddle, bell, clackers, etc.

Sweet: Long live Lincoln, capital of the great state of Nebraska!

All: Lincoln forever! Lincoln forever! Hurrah! Hurrah!

As the noise subsides, Elder Young, umbrella in hand, mounts a bench, while "Mollie" and "Charlie" draw near.

Young: Brethren and Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen: In token of this glorious occasion, marking the unification of the sentimental affections of the people of the beautiful plains of Nebraska in a capital city to be erected upon a site already consecrated to higher things by the Lancaster Association's Young Females' Seminary, I have to make to you the happiest of announcements. (*Cheers*). South Platte is with us, in spirit and in flesh,—the high-spirited citizens of Nebraska City, the beauteous dames of Yankee Hill. But today, for the first time, North Platte is also with us. In the person of this young man, who has come with our friends from Omaha, I present to you the dove of peace,—whose mission shall unite as one state and one polity what the broad-bosomed Platte has vainly held asunder. Drawn by the virgin beauties of Yankee Hill, this youth has come among us to take with him hence a portion of those beauties; and this day, which has united North and South Nebraska with the spiritual bond of a central capital city, is to find that union symbolized in the marriage of the youthful manhood and lovely womanhood of the two great regions. (*Cheers*). Charles and Mollie, I pronounce you man and wife!

Another burst of noise. Procession forms, and all march out to wedding march.

INTERMISSION

SCENE V

MEDLEY OF UNIVERSITY LIFE

SCENE V

Enter Students, four youths and four maids, of the early seventies. They salute.

Students: In eighteen hundred and seventy-one
Nebraska's University,
To mother's daughter and mother's son
Did make the path of knowledge free.
Dear old Nebraska then began
To turn the boy into the man;
Dear old Nebraska then essayed
To mold the woman from the maid;
To comb the hayseed from the hay—
We've said all that we have to say!
As then, so now
We make our bow,—
Nebraska's University!

They part, right and left. Enter Student and Coed, a "solid couple," perusing intently one book, which both hold.

Both (reading): Amo... amas... amamus...

He (impulsively): Amo!

She (coyly): Amasne?

He (ardently): Darling, ego amo te!

She (aside): Egg omelette and tea! That's easy!

Both (reading): Amabo... amabis... amabimus...

She (fervently): No court shall sever
Our two hearts for ever!

He (pensively): Amo... amo... Somehow it seems to
remind me of home. I wonder why?

She (absently): "The horned crescent Moon wandereth
toward the milky way..."

He: Ah, that's it! The old cow mooin' to be milked!
Amo... It's a truth word and a beauty word and an
experience word, isn't it? besides being Latin!
Amo-o-o... Here comes the cow!

*Enter Youth in overalls, straw sombrero, leading a Cow
(grotesque, with goggle eyes, and beribboned horns);
he tugs at the rope.*

Youth: Hie up! Hie up, Dilemma!

Student: Dilemma! Why is she named Dilemma?

Youth: Because we have to buy corn for her.

Student: Buy corn for her! What's that to do with it?

Youth: Well, a dilemma has two horns, hasn't it?

Student: Yes, a dilemma is two-horned. But——

Youth: "Cudgel thy brains no more!" Whatever is two-horned is bicornis,—that's the Latin of it. And don't we have to buy corn for any cow that pastures on this weed-patch of a campus?

The Youth strokes the Cow affectionately, to which she responds with cowlike caresses. He sings.

Youth: There was once an old cow on the Campus,
She was famed for her strong constitution;
Her erudite presence did stamp us
As a highly advanced institution:
She bellowed in Latin,
When she mooed 'twas in Greek,
On Sanscrit she'd fatten
Inside of a week,
And a Teutonic scald
Would have known when she bawled.
That his tongue without battin'
An eye she could speak.

Chorus: Co, Boss! Co, Boss! Co, Boss! Come!
Oh, you remind me so of home!
Vergil's bucolics
Are your pastoral frolics
(For cowlicks are cowlicks
Wherever we roam).

Cow: Nowadays there are cows that are fatter,
There are kine of unusual sizes;
They butcher more steaks to the platter,
And they win agricultural prizes:
Their bovine hearts flutter
With a bovine pride
In records for butter,
For hair and for hide:

But none of them speak
Either Latin or Greek,
Not a word can they utter
In tongues dead and dried!

Chorus: Co, Boss! Co, Boss! Co, Boss! Come!
Oh, she reminded me so of home!
Vergil's bucolics
Were her pastoral frolics
(For cowlicks are cowlicks
Even in Rome).

The Cow begins contentedly to chew her cud; the Youth gives the rope a hitch about his arm, takes a book from his pocket, and stretches himself on the ground for a study period. Enter Awkward Squad.

Officer: Right about, face! Forward, march! Hep . . .
hep . . . hep . . . (*They come up behind the Cow*)
Halt! Hep . . . hep . . . hep . . . (*Aside*) How am I
ever to get them around that cow? (*Consults drill*
book.)

The Cow turns and looks reproachfully at the Squad. She lowers her head and shakes her horns, pawing the ground in time with "Hep, hep," of the flustered officer.

Cow (bellowing): Ur-r-r-rh!

Officer: Right about, face! (*The Cow obeys; the Squad marks time in its tracks.*) Double-quick, charge! (*The Cow charges and the Squad splits.*) Halt! (*The Cow whirls about, bringing to his feet the Youth with the rope about his arm.*) Hep . . . hep . . . (*The Cow and the Squad mark time.*)

Youth (to the Cow): Hi, you prong-horned sister of Satan!
(*To the Officer:*) Bellum Helvetium! What you doin'
to the College Cow?

Officer: Hellum Belvetium! She split my squad and I can't
get 'em together again.

Youth: Well, that is a dilemma! She's living up to her
name, all right!

Cow: Moo-oo-oo!

Youth: Milking time! There comes the Sem. Bot. They always dismiss when they hear her bawl.

Sem. Bot. (each with a huge yellow sunflower): Pie, canis, pie! Old Gold forever!

As they advance, the eight first comers wave Old Gold penants, the Awkward Squad yellow bandannas. Waving their sunflowers the Sem. Bot. lead in the singing of "Old Gold" (tune of Twickenham Ferry).

Old Gold is the color that waves for Nebraska,
Old Gold is the color we'll ever hold dear,
When our banners unfurl to the gold of the sunshine
United we'll hail them with cheer upon cheer!
'Tis the hue of the goldenrod, hue of the sunflower,
The color of corn and of ripening wheat;
Oh, we'll sing for Old Gold and we'll cheer for Nebraska,
On field and in forum, wherever we meet!

As they sing, latterday students (class caps, senior gowns, etc.) enter with scarlet and cream penants. There follows an evolution of the two divisions, in a kind of formal penant dance, interweaving the old and the new colors. In the final formation the new colors are to the fore. They sing "Scarlet and Cream."

Sing to the colors that float in the light.

Hurrah for the Scarlet and Cream!

Scarlet the hue of the roses so bright,

And pale is the lily's fair gleam.

Scarlet the east at the breaking of dawn,

And scarlet the west when the sun is gone,

Hail! Hail to the colors that float in the light,

Hurrah for the Scarlet and Cream!

Scarlet the ruby, the jewel so rare,

With colors so brilliant and true:

Pale is the pearl so bright and so fair,

And clear as the drop of dew.

Bright are our colors, as fair as a dream,

Hurrah for Nebraska, and Scarlet and Cream,

Hail! Hail to the colors that shine in the light,

Hurrah for the Scarlet and Cream!

Here's to the college whose colors we wear;
Here's to the hearts that are true.
Hail, Alma Mater, Nebraska so fair!
Hail to our colors too.
Garlands of Scarlet and Cream intertwine,
And hearts that are true and voices combine,
Hail! Hail to the college whose colors we wear,
Hurrah for the Scarlet and Cream!

As the song ceases, a harlequin of the foot-ball field runs forward and leads in the University yells. Immediately a roll of famous players is begun, passed rapidly from mouth to mouth: Fair. Skiles. Flippin. Yont. Turner. Pearse. Shedd. Bender. Borg. Westover. Benedict. Hunter. Ringer. Weller. Shonka. Frank. Halligan. Chamberlain. Rutherford. During the roll-call, men in football costume enter and give exhibition kicking, passing, and tackling. Again the University yell, followed by (a) snake-dance, (b) cadets in exhibition drill, (c) girls in "Midsummer Night's Dream." All form for a march, and pass out singing:

Oh, the dear college day,
When life's at her May,
And with thrill o' the heart
All the world is astart!
When faces are beaming,
When love is adreaming,
And the song of endeavor
O'er the hill calls away!
We'll remember it ever,
The dear college day,
When life's at her May . . .
When life's at her May!

NO INTERMISSION

SCENE VI

THE GRASSHOPPERS AND AFTER

SCENE VI

The orchestra opens with light and graceful variations upon a theme indicative of joy and summertime. In parallel groups, from several points, enter the Fields—girlish forms, with costumes symbolic of Wheat, Corn, the Grasses, etc. They dance joyously while the Chorus sings.

Fields: We are the Fields, the singing Fields,
Each in turn her treasure yields,
Through the golden summer days,
On through autumn's ruddy haze...
Daughters of the Prairies!
Darlings of the Sun!
One by one we break the sod,
Ripen one by one!

Corn: Dancing through the day's delight,
Whispering to the listening night...

Wheat: Light and shadow,
Hide and seek,
Hilly slope
To shady creek...

Oats and Rye: Plumes and tresses lift and nod
O'er the prairie's verdant sod...

Meadowgrass: Dozing, dewy end of day,
Where the fire-fly lanterns play;
In the morning webbed and pearled
Opening to the sunny world...

Fields: We are the Fields, the dancing Fields!
Gladly each her treasure yields...
Daughters of the Prairies!
Darlings of the Sun!
One by one we break the sod,
Ripen one by one!

The Fields circle about in animated dance. Meantime the grisly, ogling forms of the Raveners (the terrible Grasshoppers) are silently gathering, staring hungrily at the lithe dancers. Suddenly the Fields perceive them; they flee hither and thither in panic.

Fields: The Raveners! The Raveners!

The Grasshoppers advance, clumsily hopping in pursuit now of this one, now of that; threatening with their antennae; ogling with glozy eyes; pursuing the terrified Fields to a strident song.

Grasshoppers: Oats! Corn! Rye! Wheat!

Wherever we find them, there we eat;
Wherever they grow we make our camp,
Fill our bellies, chew and champ!
Rye! Wheat! Oats! Corn!
Green at even, gray at morn;
Green in the morning, gray at eve,—
Naught but the dead stalks do we leave!
Wheat! Oats! Corn! Rye!
On labor of men we thrive, say I!
Wherever they sow 'tis ours to reap,—
Champ and chew where living's cheap!

While the clumsy Grasshoppers pursue the frightened Fields, from the vantage of the trees come the avenging Birds—Bluebird, Blackbird, Jay, Lark, and all the winged tribe—driving the Raveners before them.

Birds: After them! After them!
After the Raveners!
Winged ones all,
Hark the call!
On the pirates swiftly fall!
Ho, ye Valkyrs of the skies,
Ours shall be a dread surprise!
Where they slaughter we shall slay,
From break of day to break of day!
After them! After them!
After the Raveners!

The Birds drive the Grasshoppers after the Fields. As all recede, the music changes from tumultuous pursuit to graceful motion and clear, sweet melody. From the center there enters the Spirit of the West, silvery-veiled, mysterious. She turns and beckons, as if summoning her followers.

Song: Golden Hopes, golden Hopes,
 Lo, I bid you follow me
 Where the gate of morning opes
 Aye entrancingly. . .
 Oh, heart of mine, they dear surmise
 Maketh me to see
 Shining hope in all the sky's
 Blue serenity.

Sun and rain will come again,
Tender green the fields will show,
Harvest come with yellow grain,
Where the prairie flowers blow. . .
Oh, where the breezes bring caress,
Where cool rivers flow,
Fairy Hopes will come to bless
Life with golden glow.

As she summons them, the little golden Hopes—fairy-like children—come shyly and gather about her. Like a ring-round-the-rose they dance around the Spirit of the West, others and yet others following, till she is the center of a whole garden of shining Hopes, gaily circling about her

Hopes: Hopes we are for men and women,
 Hopes we are for youth and maid!
 Hopes we are for all the future,
 Glad 'of heart and unafraid!
 On the soil of broad Nebraska,
 While the sun shall tell his days,
 Golden Hopes shall be men's children,
 Golden Hopes will sing God's praise!

They part, right and left, as the Spirit of Progress enters. The Fields, the Birds, the Grasshoppers, and others gather at the wings, so that the whole group forms a crescent bow (symbol of Hope), with the Spirit of the West like a star within its arms. Again the Hymn to Nebraska.

Chorus:

Nebraska, O Nebraska,
Thee we obey!
Jewelled with the Night, Nebraska,
Diademed with Day!
Nebraska, O Nebraska,
Land with promise blest,
Brightest of the stars emblazoned,
Queen of the West!

Exeunt, marching.

THE END

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